University of Alberta Library
0 1620 2790024 8

50c. per copy

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1936

PS
8273
C512
v.20:
no.1
1956

Augustana

No. 1 TORONTO, ONT. AUTUMN — 1956

Ex Libris
Universitatis
Albertensis

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 20

No. 1 — Autumn — 1956

Published by

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

Toronto, Ontario

Canada

PERIODICAL PR
CANADIAN POETRY
DATE: Autumn/56

McLaughlin

OSHAWA
PUBLIC LIBRARY

PLEASE KEEP CARDS IN POCKET

AUGUSTANA LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Canadian Poetry Magazine

A quarterly magazine, published by the Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement and development of Canadian verse. Annual subscription, $2.00; single copies 50 cents. Verse published in the Magazine will be paid for at the rate of 1 cent a word with a minimum of one dollar. The Magazine shall have first publication rights only; the copyright will remain with the author. Verse published elsewhere will not be accepted for publication. If return of manuscript is desired, a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed. **Only Canadian stamps are acceptable. Contributors from U.S.A. and other countries should use International (or Imperial) reply Coupons.** Individual criticism of verse submitted cannot be undertaken. Address, Business Manager, "Canadian Poetry Magazine", 677 Dundas St. West, Toronto, Canada.

Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor, Leo Cox, P.O. Box 821, Postal Station "B"—Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Printed by Quality Press Limited, Montreal.

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters.

Contributions are needed and would be very welcome.

The Editor and The Management Committee

Canadian Poetry Magazine Donors 1956

Miss Dorothy Herriman
His Honor J. J. Bowlen
Lady Flora Eaton
E. P. Taylor
E. D. Arnold
L. Gould
Mrs. J. H. Woods
Winnipeg Free Press
Mrs. D. C. Henderson
Grolier Society
Miss Ethel K. Grayson
Mrs. F. G. Garbutt
Mrs. Amabel King
Miss Mazo de la Roche
Toronto Branch Poetry Group
Mrs. Marjorie Freeman Campbell
Montreal Branch Poetry Group
Arthur S. Bourinot — Mrs. Ethel MacDougall

CONTENTS OF AUTUMN '56 EDITION

Foreword on Request — *Watson Kirkconnell*
Now Flight is Ended — *Kathryn Munro*
Seasons of a Woman — *Gladys Taylor*
The Escapists — *Malcolm Wrathell*
On Citadel Hill — *Marjorie Freeman Campbell*
To One, Grieving — *Margaret Church*
Communion De La Playa — *Martha Kilpatrick*
Helen of Troy — *Helen Roberts*
Myself and I —*Marjorie Freeman Campbell*
My love — *Michael Nimchiell*
The Tracker — *Mary M. Pronovost*
The Greater Grief — *Myrtle Reynolds Adams*
The Ballad Of Mary Louise — *Bernice Ames*
In Whistler's Studio — *Lionel Stevenson*
Cuchulain And The Steeds Of Power — *Lionel Stevenson*
Vision — *Lahring A. Rawluk*
Slight Protest To Now — *Myrtle Reynolds Adams*
Mnemonics — *Peter Miller*
Economy: A Day's Wage — *Michael Nimchiell*
That Afternoon The Children Gathered Leaves — *Elfreida Read*
Samson Of The Arts — *Peter Miller*
For Time To Flower — *M. E. Drew*
Temagami — *Helen Whealy*
Dali — *Ruth Cleaves Hazelton*
Olim Volventibus Annis — *Brenda Beament*
In Waiting — *J. Phoenice*
The Lovers On Broadway — *Leo Cox*
Andrea Doria — *Don W. Thomson*
The Shape Of The Night — *Elfreida Read*

The contents of this Quarterly are indexed in The Canadian Index, published by The Canadian Library Association.

CANADIAN
POETRY
MAGAZINE

Autumn 1956

VOLUME 20 - - NUMBER 1

Committee:
EDITOR - - - - - LEO COX
P.O. Box 821, Postal Station B, Montreal, P.Q. Canada
Associate: - Dr. V. B. RHODENIZER, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.
Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

A CRITIC, ON POETRY:

"If a poem is to be anything like great it must, in one sense, be concerned with the present. What ever its 'subject' may be, it must express something living in the mind from which it comes and the minds to which it goes. Wherever its body is, its soul must be here and now'.'

—A. C. BRADLEY,
quoted by C. Day Lewis
in "The Poetic Image"
(Jonathan Cape, London).

FOREWORD ON REQUEST

The Winter Zodiac is loath to curse,
But Leo rages and demands my Verse.
Why must a rampant Lion ride so hard
A senile Prexy and a spavin'd Bard?
I take my pen. May this Discourse I dread
Debase his Title-page and harm his Head!
First, to the Matter: As the thankless Heir
Of all the Great who once adorn'd my Chair,
I scatter Benisons, in Mercy dipp'd,
On those who scratch true Verse on Manuscript,
Spinning their mental Entrails into Webs
Until the Tide of Inspiration ebbs.
Peace to your grey goose Quills, or fountain Pens,
Or stubby Pencils, in those Muses' dens
From which, in time, like Star-groups of the North,
Your glittering Hieroglyphs come marching forth.
I care not in what School your Hope is found —
In Pope, in Pater, or in Ezra Pound;
Let rapt dodecaphones like Schoenberg play,
Or duodenal ulcers tune your lay;
Mix it with Stardust or with Dynamite;
The Test is, have you anything to write?
What tragic Episode, what Gulf of Tears,
What Irony that stains the brazen Years,
What glimpse of Infamy or Glory shines
Inevitable in your perfect Lines?
This is an Age when Magyar hearts declare
Unmeasured Valour and unmatched Despair;
Within the Mutterings of the threatened Field,
The Atom's calibration is concealed;
In Zeal insensate or in Honour high
We drift to unknown Gulfs across the Sky;
If Verse can build upon that Future's wraith
The sills of Doorways for tomorrow's Faith,

Is not the Gospel great that Poets speak?
Is it not shame to rest in mere Technique?
What will you leave, in Worlds that Men recall,
To prove that you were Poets after all?
What can you write, if Earth's last Age be done,
As ageless Trophies of the setting Sun?

Watson Kirkconnell

Editor's Note: A former editor of this magazine and a distinguished poet, linguist and educationist, Dr. Kirkconnell is once again President of the Canadian Authors Association. This is his characteristic witty reply to the editor's request for a prefatory note to this issue.

NOW FLIGHT IS ENDED

(To the memory of Air-Marshal
William Avery Bishop)

Now flight is ended, now through chiming space
God's landing-field at last. How strangely fair
The beam that guides His children of the air!
Forgotten now the quest, the evil face
Of Mars enthralled with life and death's embrace . . .
Your brothers all, the lads who greet you there,
The early dead, no longer unaware
That love alone can heal the ailing race.

Your courage mated with your destiny
Intrepid son and earth-born avatar;
While burgeons still in spring our maple tree
In this dear land beneath the Northern Star,
Your saga will be told from sea to sea
And echo down through latitudes afar!

Kathryn Munro,
Toronto, Ont.

SEASONS OF A WOMAN

Spring

and I walked through the woods today
toward the Bolton place.
Len Bolton would pass this way
returning from his city school,
the spring breeze on my cheek blew cool
the sun warmed budding maple leaves
and a robin twittered among the trees
I knelt and touched the earth
black and steaming with new birth
and Brent was forgotten —
Len came striding over a rise
a new man-look in his eyes.

Summer

and I walked through the woods today
away from the Bolton place.
I heard the endless drone of Len's machinery
and close by the laughter and the glee
of our children playing with their pup
I pulled at a yellow buttercup —
he loves me, he loves his fields, he loves me . . .
A bosomy robin nagged her offspring into flying
maturity
while a matronly maple fluttered her leaves,
listlessly
I sank down on the dried out fallow
feeling its slack breast . . . I could not swallow —
From the hill-top of spring
summer had looked so warm and lush . . . full of
everything . . . more . . . more
but it wasn't. I opened Brent's letter
inside I felt arid and hollow . . .

Autumn

and I walked through the woods today
from the Bolton place.
I shut my ears to the drone and race
of Len's hurried harvest pace
my suitcase dragged on my arms, heavy . . .
with fate —
Brent was late —
I watched a robin grappling with a worm
serene, content . . . her bird-world steady, firm
I looked at the matronly maple, no longer listless,
wan
strip-teasing now in the brittle wind of wild abandon
and as a scarlet leaf fell on my sleeve
I shivered . . . could I leave?
Brent came toward me . . . there was no reprieve.

Winter

and I walked through the woods today
back to the Bolton place.
Cold snow blew in my face —
I remembered the spring
Len with manhood in his eyes . . . a wedding ring . . .
summer when I had lost him to the father
and autumn when a gaudy maple tree
had discarded leaves — as I my marriage sanctity —
The maple stood before me there
stark and ugly, bare
shivering in humility
before the awful purity
of a clean white place.
I leaned my face against the cold-barked tree

and my tears washed away its frost
while with it the white ash inside of me was lost.
I looked up and he was coming over the rise
the new man-look of spring still in his eyes
the burden of summer in his face
the tremulous uncertainty of autumn on his brow
and the clean white forgiveness of winter in his
smile
I reached toward him
(the cycle come full turn at last)
across the chasm of the Past!

Gladys Taylor,
Thetford Mines, Que.

THE ESCAPISTS

There is a memory block
which we invoke
to cushion, to resist the shock
that we must die.

We shrink from the gnawing torment brought
from twisting slowly the little key
which lets the impulse become thought
that life must cease.

And so we work; we play; we fret;
we scurry, hurry, worry — to forget.

Malcolm Wrathell,
Ottawa, Ont.

ON CITADEL HILL

The wind was soft on Citadel Hill
and the lights of the harbor were jewelled eyes
winking with laughter;
there was no after,
only the night and my love and I.
The hill was old and the hill was wise
but love was young:
in the fathomless sky
the moon stood still
and time stood still
time and the moon and my love and I
still, on Citadel Hill.

The wind blew chill on Citadel Hill
and the lights of the harbor were daggers struck
in the heart of the tide;
the black night ached
and the black deep bled
and my heart was a wound
and love was dead:
there was no future, the past was loss,
the present pain.

Only the hill, unmoved and wise,
watched for the new young moon to rise.

Marjorie Freeman Campbell,
Aldershot, Ont.

TO ONE, GRIEVING

Brief moment of understanding
Smothered beside the candle of lost day,
Felt words and intimate felicities
Filling the silences of solemn gray.

Stand soft beneath the golden crown of maple
And shed, shed the bitter calm of death,
Passing the glowing incandescence
Of falling tree to effervescent breath.

You with your unspelt sorrow
Breathe quiet in the secret peace of night,
Breathe sweet within the fragrant stall of autumn,
Breathe gentle at the dying of the light.

Margaret Church,
Lafayette, Ind.

COMUNION DE LA PLAYA

There was a luminous last-time sky
Caught in our fraction of June or July;
The texture of heaven was bluing the three
Bice shrimp boats out fishing the edge of the sea.
We lay in the white dunes, burned with the sands,
Slipping their molecule grit through our hands;
Two sand pipers pittered damp edges of waters
Exactly like cleverly overly-curious creatures
They are; gulf ultramarine was beating
Itself at a shore that would hold it — retreating.
We had crackers and cheese and a one-pint thermos:

O, we laughed at our picnic and nobody heard us.
Your easel, my verses at last consecrate
Our mementos: the wafers of time that we ate.

Martha Kilpatrick,
Austin, Texas.

HELEN OF TROY

What though our times have never met
And centuries hide thee from our sight
Sweet Grecian maid, whose name is "light"
Thou shinest though thy star has set.

Thy golden beauty poets tell
Thy favour lovers vied to please,
For thee proud Illium heroes fell
And ships were launched on wine dark seas.

Thy beauty Helen haunts us still
And we in this far age and hour
Know its compelling mystic power
Learn the swift influence of its will.

Thy matchless features still we trace
And still we call on Helen's name;
When beauty sets the heart aflame
We see thee in the beloved face.

Helen Roberts,
Halifax, N.S.

MYSELF AND I

We have travelled
A far road together
Myself and I
Through foul and fair weather,
Wet wind and dry,
By high road and nether,
Pit deep, heaven high,
And myself asks no better companion
Than I.

If myself scents adventure
I am off in a flash
And myself never chides
If the chance was too rash.
"Pink the bones for new wisdom,"
Says myself to me.
"On your way! One can not drag a corpse
And be free."

Yet myself knows
How tender to true pain
Am I:
The bird with a broken wing
Straining to fly,
The child, uncomplaining,
The life gone awry,
For old pain and old wounds we share
Myself and I.

If myself is a doubter,
Alas so am I!
For the overly credulous
Learn to decry,
As the naive romantic

Learn craft — with a sigh:
Both romantic and credulous
Myself and I.

Should the path end tomorrow
Then myself and I
Shall go, if with sorrow,
Knowing not where nor why
Knowing only the transcendent adventure
Looms by,
And we greet it together
Myself and I.

Marjorie Freeman Campbell,
Aldershot, Ont.

MY LOVE

My love is like a cool spring
In the summer
Flowing down the steep mountainside
Of her love for me
Smiling, down it plunges to the sea,
Broadening out into the vast depths
Under the heaviness of the worlds sky.

My love is like a maple tree
Shedding leaves in the fall
While birds of patience fly through her hair
And nestle there
Troubled by the blackening storm
That thunders over her green bosom.

Michael Nimchiell,
Toronto, Ont.

THE TRACKER

It was after I had crossed
the continent of childhood
that he began to follow me
relentlessly.

He was bent and eon-bearded,
and I laughed at him
for he could never swim
the sea of my youth.

Reaching the shore of manhood
I stood on the green land of life,
then looking back
I saw his track
not far behind.

I laughed at him again,
the strength in my heart was a song
the wind of my will was strong
and he could never climb
the Alp-sheer cliff of my dream.

Standing upon the peak,
I knew how cunningly
he had caught up with me —
for winter was on my hair
and evening in my eyes
as I viewed the valley
of my skies.

Mary M. Pronovost,
National City, Calif.

THE GREATER GRIEF

This is grief that stabs —
After the dust to dust
To sit alone in the room,
The once warm presence just
Beyond, still felt in chair
And open book, still part
Of this living now. Yes,
This must break the heart.

And yet a greater grief
Will be, when after the years
On years, the bitterness
And the long dried tears,
To the slow windy sound
Of rainfall in the night,
In the starless dark, you try
To remember — and cannot quite.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams,
London, Ont.

THE BALLAD OF MARY LOUISE

She stretched under shadows of tallest palms
And seeded her slopes with the hue
Of peace in rainbow flowers, psalms
To the sun-rinsed sky of blue.

From the hills she gazed over canyon floor
Over sea-froth fringing the coast
Over evergreen growth and sycamore
Never knowing what pleased her most.

Mary Louise knew a burgeoning need
Greener than any pretense;
The spirit that blew her, a tumble weed
Accepted the west for a fence.

Bernice Ames,
Los Angeles, Calif.

IN WHISTLER'S STUDIO

The lofty walls are bare, and scarred with nails—
The canvases have been dispersed afar,
And as the meagre winter twilight fails
My memory roves in galleries where they are.
Each window bay is hung with dim brocade;
I step behind one, shutting out the room.
In hueless harmony of gleam and shade
The river shines, faint silver in the gloom.
The naked branches of a spectral tree
Are like a net to catch the shoal of lights
Under a pallid moon, the apogee
Of subtly varying grays and blacks and whites.
The painter's nocturne vista shows no change
Though he has lounged out of a world grown strange.

Lionel Stevenson,
Durham, N.C.

CUCHULAIN AND THE STEEDS OF POWER

Cuchulain the hero, master of horses,
Went out to conquer the Steeds of Power —
The Black and the Gray, untamed twin forces
Of death's vast darkness and life's bright hour.

All the long night the terror spread wider
Down Ireland's coast, from the north to the south,
As the great gray horse fought to fling its rider
And the black horse followed with screaming mouth.

At the Place of Trial, the deep dark valley,
The Gray plunged in, and reared to fall.
Cuchulain swayed, but swift to rally
He faced the horse to the towering wall.

Out of the valley at dawn they trotted,
Out of the darkness, into the day,
The Black Sanglan with a lead-rope knotted
And a bit in the mouth of the haughty Gray.

No more could the Black or the Gray roam idle
Till Cuchulain died in the final fight.
That night the gray steed slipped its bridle
And thundered home to the Land of Light.

Lionel Stevenson,
Durham, N.C.

VISION

Last night
I saw two hands become a song!

I watched indifferently as ordinary hands
Hovered over black and white —
Saw the tensing muscles of the wrists;
Saw the fine-ridged nails;
The awkward, bony knuckles;
The arched, slow-flexing fingers.
I watched those male hands linger,
Touch, and love the clean-cut keys.
Watched them tenderly bring forth
An infant melody; an aching song
Which flowed and moved, and with its motion
Soared, and grew, and throbbed.
It caught me in a rainbow flare of sound.
I heard it all — each note, each chord:
I saw those hands
In all their tortured grace
Become enchanting sounds — vibrant, singing things!—
Beheld those crying fingers flash
And strain. And then they stopped,
Fell, relaxed — and lost their Charm.
They reached and held a cigarette.

Was I the only one to see
Those hands become a rhapsody?

Lahring A. Rawluk,
Peterborough, Ontario.

SLIGHT PROTEST TO NOW

You took our dreams and offered us instead
The certain surmise, consummated act,
And, larder crammed with corollaries, fed
Us less on truth than on the tepid fact.
Now formula decreed and certified
Opens to secret phantasy no locks.
Now flits no ignis fatuus to guide
Through bright allusion and gay paradox.

O take your facts, give back my private sun,
My singing stars, my fountains of delight,
My meadows where the wayward fancies run,
And golden gates beyond the day and night.
Take your facts and give me back my dreams,
My world so true although it only seems.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams,
London, Ont.

MNEMONICS

A schooner in a grown man's eye,
lovely in movement, firm as a vow,
sweet keel, keen bow,
— and a boy whom fancies occupy
of the ocean liners that suavely
glide out to the vast fields of the sea.

A fanfare in a grown man's ear,
symphonic flourish or grave call
piercing the comfort of the heart's wall,
— and a boy wide-eyed on a strange frontier
as a band of negro troops in blue
pass drums and trumpets in review.

Apple scent in a grown man's nose,
tempting as fruit in lost Eden,
or a Christian head to a Saracen,
— and a boy whose appetites repose
only in sleep, stealing leaf by leaf
into a tree, like a jewel-thief.

Peter Miller,
Toronto, Ont.

ECONOMY: A DAY'S WAGE

Painstakingly with delicate care
An aged man carved this statue
In India one day.
Carefully he etched the eyelids,
Nicked out the fingers,
Parted the toes,
Gave the round face a smile.
Quietly he turned the hardwood
Into a human being.

Beating a hammer upon a cold steel drum
Four times his height,
A British monger bashed and drilled his way
Through eight pages of blueprints
Until the hydro tube stood still, round and black
Ready to be crated for the shipyards.

Michael Nimchiell,
Toronto, Ont.

THAT AFTERNOON THE CHILDREN GATHERED LEAVES . . .

Lift up your faces, lovely to the light,
And catch the golden tumult of these trees,
And gather up the scarlet from the ground
Within your arms, and shout, and race the breeze.
See how the earth swings green and gold and red,
See how the sky runs blue and blue ahead;
Oh gather more of scarlet and of gold,
And crowd them in your arms and laughing, hold.
Children, these riches once were mine to rule,
But in your arms, they grow more beautiful.

Elfreida Read,
Vancouver, B.C.

SAMSON OF THE ARTS

And in the gallery before the colored square
and in the hall in the surrounding sound
and here with the lamplight on the patterned page,
the pillars crumble and the walls fall.

Samson of splendor whose strength is flesh-beyond,
who about my skull tumbling the everyday
yet on the rubble and the debris builds
with brush, bow and pen, this temple.

Samson the demolisher the self-destroyed
Samson yet the architect and the only-alive,
my power is with yours for a growth again
nor will a Delilah unbeauty it.

Puissant the pillars of the colored square
hallowed the hall of the surrounding sound
and over-all poignant the patterned page.
Samson of brush, bow and pen.

Peter Miller,
Toronto, Ont.

FOR TIME TO FLOWER

Barring the frost, his bud
Under the calyx sheath
Will presently open to the delighted air.
Tenderly guard
The sweet potential
Against malicious fingers.

And barring night, this heart
Slowly into the sun
Will open petals lovely and beloved.
Cherish and hold
Out of the wind's way the delicate stem.
Oh inexorable cloud
Withhold your mischief till the glory fade.

M. E. Drew,
Lebel, Ont.

TEMAGAMI

Primeval calm
Sinks through the sunned salt pore
And settles in the centre.
Time ends in the incipience.
Silence calls, loon-voiced,
And thick stars button down the night
To tented trees.

Helen Whealy,
Halifax, N.S.

DALI

Agony . . . twisting the primeval and the elemental
Into the grotesque
Putting the inferno into the commonplace
Mocking the libido

Daring the smug white door of sanity
To open . . .
That the maw may be revealed!
What have you done to my angels
Whom I created without passion?

Where are my flowers
Of my sunny fields?
Why must you come upon me
With your revelation?

Starkly, in glory and word, you deny
I, who have hidden my agony
So bravely . . .
Must you pull open the door?

Ruth Cleaves Hazelton,
Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada.

OLIM VOLVENTIBUS ANNIS

Against eternity
there stands a tree
forbidden in fruit by thorn
profuse of flower
sun-stirred breeze-blown
trembling with bridal beauty
to reveal
the spring
Thither the wings of innocence
will fold
into the heart of flowers
while swift unsheathing leaves
enjoin
the dance
of summers prime

And in the fall
all dark with thorn
the gnarled entreating boughs
stretch to the sky
a penitent from some lost paradise
scourged by the winds
shrill litany

Toward eternity
there bends
mantled in snow
the blackthorn bowed
a tree of knowledge
to a tree of grace
transformed
by the nativity
of winter dawn

Brenda Beament,
Ottawa, Ont.

IN WAITING

Flesh answers to the shadows. Heart leaps
To movement seen from the tail of the eye, vibration
Of footfall caught by the soles of the feet. It sleeps
Through weeks to awake pulsing its elation
To the false calls the moment's vigil keeps.

But the heart's heart waiting upon the eye of the eye,
Chiding vein and nerve, remains aloof
Wrapped in its mantle of longing, keyed to fly
Only upon the wings of the mind's proof,
Only upon the lift of the soul's cry.

J. Phoenice,
Beal, Berwick-on-Tweed, England.

THE LOVERS ON BROADWAY

O lovers laid beneath the farthest reach
    Of time and tide, past passion, whose hot blood
    Is now rich molecules of black Nile mud,
Beyond all hieroglyphics and all speech;
O living loves whose eyes and hearts beseech
    The chestnut trees abloom along the Seine,
    Or spill their promises somewhere in Spain,
Caress the coral sands of Paradise Beach;—

Say if your love is lovelier than ours,
    Your happiness a sweeter isle than this
        Delirious and raucous Broadway night:
Whether you know more joy than these bright hours
    As hand in hand we float in sidewalk bliss
        Haloed by miracles of neon light!

Leo Cox,
Dorval, Quebec

ANDREA DORIA

Here in the cold and sunless depths,
dark with the stillness of unending night
and cold with superincumbent water,
fathom and fathom
piled on a hard-pressed ocean floor;
here far beneath the drifting diatoms
and stray sargasso weed;
here in the shadowless twilight,
not quite beyond sharp-probing shafts
of blue-green sunlight,
lies on its torn, jagged side
the empty hulk of human dreams —
a polished stranger from a neater world
of nicely plotted paths
and bright snug harbours.

The sweep and beauty
of the gently curving hull
fades into murky gloom.
Shy schools of black-striped fish
peer cautiously through ports
and, darting tentatively,
as in some watery cage,
a small blue shark
surveys a shattered launch.
And from the hatches rise
in steady stream
the tiny opalescent beads
of oily bubbles,
expanding on their upward way —
the last thin coughing
of a smothering ship
caught in the elemental hug
of unrelenting deeps.

Small scavengers invade the galley stores
to feast upon dissolving treats
gleaned from a score of sunny lands —
slow-oozing from the compressed jars
and pressure-shattered flasks;
a trace of slime on teakwood decks
a twist of cable and a tangled line
meant for moorings in familiar ports;
a ghostly binnacle and lonely promenades;
the polished bells and muted sirens —
all set to sound in a soundless world.

The surge of silt against the hull —
the undercut of currents —
and this resplendent argosy,
once gaily buoyed with human hope,
will settle slowly in the ocean floor
and to the leisured rhythms of the infinite,
become an indistinguishable lump:
while busy mortal man
skims fitfully across
the gleaming surface of eternity.

Don W. Thomson,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE SHAPE OF THE NIGHT

You are flung out against the stars,
Oh brother, beginningless, infinite brother.
The stars holding the shape of the night.
Listen to the lost whining of the moons around Saturn,
To the lonely scream of the scorpion
Single in the night, holding the shape of the night.
Unfathomable brother
There is no beginning for you.
Back within womb, within womb, within womb,
Where did the ego in you first declare
Its uniqueness?
There is no end for you.
Your thoughts fill the universe with hungry noise.
From your arms fall your numberless children
Laughing,
With your voice growing large in their throats.
The earth shall nourish them.
The earth shall fill them with her green living.
But you, you shall fling them against the stars in their turn,
Into the uncaring face of the night,
Angrily against the enormity,
Against the wordless, the sightless, shape.

Elfreida Read,
Vancouver, B.C.

New Books of Verse:

"SYMPHONY"
***by* Ruby Nichols** (Ryerson Press)
Chap-Book No. 166 — $1.00

* * *

"ORPHAN AND OTHER POEMS"
***by* Freda Newton Bunner** (Ryerson Press)
Chap-Book No. 165 — $1.00

* * *

"BIRCH LIGHT"
***by* Lenore A. Pratt** (Ryerson Press)
Chap-Book No. 167 — $1.00

* * *

"THE SOURCE AND OTHER POEMS"
***by* Katherine Watson** (Oxford)
$1.75

* * *

"THE BULL CALF AND OTHER POEMS"
***by* Irving Layton** (Contact Press)
$1.00

* * *

New Magazines:

"THE TAMARACK REVIEW"
39 Charles St. W. Toronto 5, Ont.

A new Quarterly review of literature, edited by Anne Wilkinson, Kildare Dobbs, Millar MacLure, Ivan Owen, William Toye, Robert Weaver.

Subscription price: $3.50 per year

Printed by Quality Press Limited, Montreal.